Dem Well roard Lyon.

Duke. Well runne *Thisbie.*

Dutch. Well ſhoone *Moone.* Truely the Moone ſhines with a good grace.

Du'ke. Well mouz'd *Lyon.*

Dem. And then came *Piramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lyon vaniſht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thank thee for thy ſunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright.
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to take of trueſt *Thisbie* ſight.
But ſtay: ô ſpight! but marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! how can it be!
O dainty ducke, ô deare!
Thy mantle good, what ſtaind with blood?
Approach ye Furies fell,
O fates come, come, cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This paſſion, and the death of a deare friend would goe neere to make a man looke ſad.

Dutch. Beſhrew my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, didſt thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon vilde hath heere deflour'd my deare;
Which is, no, no, which was the faireſt dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.
Come teares confound, out ſword and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule, is in the sky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Leſſe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer and proue an aſſe.

Dutch. How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before?
Thisby comes backe, and findes her Louer.

Duke. She will finde him by ſtar-light. Here ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the play.

Dut. Me-thinkes ſhe ſhould not vſe a long one for ſuch a *Piramus*: I hope ſhe will be brieſe.

Dem. A Moth will turne the ballance, which *Piramus*, which *Thisbie* is the better: hee for a man, God warnd vs; ſhe for a woman, God bleſſe vs.

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweete eies.

Dem. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicit.*

Thiſ. Aſleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?
O *Piramus* ariſe,
Speake, ſpeake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A toombe
Muſt couer thy ſweete eies.
Theſe lilly lips, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow cowſlip cheekes
Are gone, are gone; Louers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O ſiſters three, come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you haue ſhore
With ſheeres, his thred of ſilke.
Tongue not a word, come truſty ſword,
Come blade, my breaſt imbrew:
And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke. Moone-ſhine and Lyon are left to bury the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Lyon. No, I aſſure you the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?